ALEXANDER CARLYLE'S AUTOBIOG-RAPHY. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE, MINISTER OF INVERESK; CONTAINING MEMORIALS OF THE MEN AND EVENTS OF HIS TIME. Boston; Tickner & Fields.

He whe wishes for posthumous fame, and is willing to wait for it a century, is pretty sure of earning it if he will write an autobiography, provided his life has brought him into intercourse with the historical men and events of his age. Dr. Carlyle was a noted pillar in his day of the Scotch Church, and so far famous in his generation: but the fact that he left an autobiography behind him has kept his memory green, and its publication now will make his name a household word where it was never known before. Walter Scott, who regretted that this autobiography had not been published, said that he was called Jupiter Carlyle, from having sat more than once for the King of Ged's and men to Gavin Hamilton-a statement which the editor of this present volume doubts-but, Sir Walter adds, he was to the grandest old demigod I ever saw." Another contemporary who met him when on some mission to London on Church affairs, says . his portly figure, his fine expressive countenance, with an aquiline nose, his flowing silver locks, and the freshness of the color of his face, made a prodigious impression upon the courtiers; but it was the soundness of his sense, his honorable principles, and his social qualities, unmixed with anything that detracted from or unbecoming, the character of a clergyman, gave · him his place among the worthies." The reader will find this impression of his character confirmed by the autobiography, and will especially be impressed with the vigor of intellect and strength of memory which, in the eightieth year of so stirring and active a life, could produce such a volume, not less remarkable for its minuteness of detail, in regard to persons and things, than for its lively and entertaining quali-

Dr. Carlyle was born in 1722, and died at the age of eighty. His own character and ability necessarily gave him a prominent part to play in the ecclesiastical history of the period in Scotland, and threw him also into the closest fellowship with the best minds of the most intellectual age of that country. Some of the most noted men of the last century in Scotland were fellowstudents with him at Edinburgh and Glasgow; with others he formed intimacies later in life. But there seems to have been hardly a man of mark at that time in Scotland, and few in England whom he did not know, One lays down the book with regret only that the old man's life was not spared long enough to enable him to give his recollections of other celebrities who were crowding on the stage as he was about to leave it. An extract here and there will show the quality of the book. The first we make will not, we fear, be welcome to the cherished belief in an incident which has so long been held among pious people, as a miraculous conversion. It is the case of the celebrated Col. Gardiner, who, when Carlyle was a young man, moved into his father's neighborhoood at Prestonpaus, near Edinburgh. He says: The first Gardiner, who was afterward killed in the

The first Gardiner, who was afterward killed in the battle of Preston, was a noted enthusiast, a very weak, honest, and brave man, who had once been a great rake, and was converted, as he told my father, by his reading a book called Gurnall's Christian Armor, which his mother had put in his trunk many years before. He had never looked at it till one day at Paris, where he was attending the Earl of Stair, who was Embassador to that Court from the year 1715 to the Regent's death, when, having an intrigue with a surgeon's wife, and the heur of appointment not being come, he thought he would pass the time in turning over the leaves of the book, to see what the divine could say about armor, which he thought he inderstood as well-as he. He was so much taken with this book that he allowed his hour of appointment to pass, never saw his mistress more, and from that day left off all his rakish habits, which consisted in swearing and whoring (for he never was a drinker), and the contempt of sacred things, and became a serious good Christian ever after. serred things, and ever after.

Dr. Doddridge has marred this story, either through Dr. Doddridge has marred this story, either through a desire to make Gardiner's con-

Dr. Doddridge has marred this story, eithor through mistake or through a desire to make Gardiner's conversion more supernatural, for he says that his appointment was at midnight, and introduces some sort of meteor or blaze of light, that alarmed the new convert. But this was not the case; for I have heard Gardiner tell the story at least three or four times, to different sets of people—for he was not shy or backward to speak on the subject, as many would have been. But it was at midday, for the appointment wasset I o'clock; and he told us the reason of it, which was that the surgeon, or apothecary, had shown some symptoms of jealousy, and they chose a time of day when he was necessarily employed abroad in his business.

I have also conversed with my father upon it, after Doddridge's book was published, who always pensisted in saying that the appointment was at I o'clock, for the reason mentioned, and that Garoiner having changed his lodging, he found a book when rummaging an old trunk to the bottom, which my father said was Gurnall's Christian Arnor, but to which Doddridge gives the name of The Christian Soldier, or, Heaven Taken by Storm, by Thomas Watson. Doddridge, in a note, says that his edition of the story was confirmed in a letter from a Rev. Mr. Spears, in which there was not the least difference from the account he had taken down in writing the very night in which the Colonel had told him the story. This Mr. Spears had been Lord Grange's chaplain, and I knew him to have no great regard to truth, when deviating from it suited his purpose; at any rate, he was not a man to contradict Doddridge, who had nost likely told him his story. It is remarkable that, though the Doctor had written down everything exactly, and could take his oath, yet he had omitted to mark the day of the week on which the conversion happened, but, if not mistaken, thinks it was Sabbath. This aggravates the sin of the appointment, and hallows the conversion.

The Colonel, who was truly an honest well-meaning

it was Sabbath. This aggravates the sin of the appointment, and hallows the conversion.

The Colonel, who was truly an honest, well-meaning man, and a pious Christian, who was very ostentatious; though, to tell the truth, he boasted oftener of his conversion than of the daugerous battlee be had been in. As he told the story, however, there was nothing supernatural in it; for many a rake of about thirty years of age has been reclaimed by some dircumstance that set him a thinking, as the accidental reading of this book had done to Gardiner. He was a very skilful horseman, which had recommended him to Lord Stair, as a suitable part of his train when he was Embassador at Paris, and lived in great splendor. Gardiner married Paris, and lived in great splendor. Gardiner married Lady Frances Erskine, one of the daughters of the Earl of Buchan, a lively, little, deformed woman, very religious, and a great breeder. Their children were no way distinguished, except the eldest daughter, Franny, who was very beautiful, and became the wife of Sir Lucae Rein!

The Porteous Mob, made famous in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," was witnessed by Dr. Carlyle, and he thus describes it:

Carlyle, and he thus describes it:

I was witness to a very extraordinary scene that happened in the month of February or March, 1736, which was the escape of Robertson, a condemned criamail, from the Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh. In those days it was usual to bring the criminals who were condemned to death into that church to attend public worship every Sunday after their condemnation, when the clergyman made some part of bis discourse and prayers to suit their situation; which, among other circumstances of solemnity which then attended the state of condemned criminals, had no small effect on the public mind. Robertson and Wilson were saugglers, and had been condemned for robbing a custom-house, where some of their goods had been deposited; a crime which at that time did not seem, in the opinion of the common people, to deserve so severe a punishment. I which at that time did not seem, in the opinion of the common people, to deserve so severe a punishment. I was carried by an acquaintance to church to see the prisoners on the Sunday before the day of execution. We went early into the church on purpose to see them come in, and were seated in a pew before the gallery, in front of the pulpit. Soon after we went into the church by the door from the Parliament Close, the criminals were brought in by the door next the Tolbooth, and placed in a long pew, not far from the pulpit. Four soldiers came in with them, and placed Robertson at the head of the pew, and Wilson below him, two of themselves sitting below Wilson, and two in a pew behind him.

The bells were ringing and the doors were open,

while the people were coming into the church. Robertson watched his opportunity, and, suddenly springing up, got over the rew into the passage that led in to the door at the Parliament Close, and, no person offering to lay hands on him, made his escape in a moment—so much the more easily, perhaps, as everyhedy's attention was drawn to Wilson, who was a stronger man, and who, attempting to follow Robertson, was serized by the soldiers, and struggled so long with them that the two who at last followed Robertstronger man, and who, attempting to hold whosenson, was seized by the soldiers, and strongled so long with them that the two who at last followed Robertson were too late. It was reported that he had mantained his struggle that he might let his companion have time. That might be his second thought, but his first certainly was to escape himself, for I saw him set his foot on the seat to leap over, when the soldiers pulled him back. Wilson was immediately carried out to the Tolkooth, and Robertson, getting uninterrupted through the Parlhament Square, down the back-stairs into the Cowgate, was heard of no more till he arrived in Holland. This was an interesting scene, and by filling the public mind with compassion for the unuappy person who did not escape, and who was the better character of the two, had probably some influence in producing what followed; for when the sentence against Wilson came to be executed a few weeks thereafter, a very strong opinion prevailed that there was a plot to force the Town Guard, whose duty it is to attend executions under the order of a civil magistrate.

There was a Captain Porteous, who by his good behavior in the army had obtained a subaltern's commission, and had afterward, when on half-pay, been presented the command of the City Guard. This man,

There was a Captain Portcous, who by his good behavior in the army had obtained a subaltern's commission, and had afterward, when on half-pay, been preferred to the command of the City Guard. This man, by his skill in manly exercises, particularly the golf, and by gentlemanly behavior, was admitted into the company of his superiors, which elated his mind, and added insolence to his native roughness, so that he was much hated and feared by the mob of Edinburgh. When the day of execution came, the rumor of a deforcement at the gallows provailed strongly; and the Provest Manistrates (not in their own minds very strong) thought it a good measure to apply for three or four companies of a marching regiment that lay in the Canengate, to be drawn up in the Lawmarket, a street leading from the Tolbooth to the Grassmarket, the place of execution, in order to overawe the mob by their being at hand. Portcous, who, it is said, had his natural courage increased to rage by any suspicion that their being at hand. Forteous, who, it is said, had his natural counge increased to rage by any suspicion that he and his Guard could not execute the law, and being heated likewise with wine—for he had dined, as the custom then was, between one and two—became perfectly furious when he passed by the three companies drawn up in the street as he marched along with his prisoner.

Mr. Baillic had taken windows in a house on the north side of Grassmarket, for his pupils and me, in the second floor, about seventy or eighty yards westward of the place of execution, where he went in due time to see the show; to which I had no small aversion, having seen one at Dumfries, the execution of Jack Johnstone, which shocked me very much. When we arrived at the house, some people who were looking from the windows were displaced, and went to a window in the common stair, about two feet below the level of ours. The street is long and wide, and there was a very great crowd assembled. The execution went on with the usual forms, and Wilson behaved in a manner very becoming his situation. There was not the Mr. Baillie had taken windows in a house on the level of ours. The street is long and wide, and there was a very great crowd assembled. The execution went on with the usual forms, and Wilson behaved in a manner very becoming his situation. There was not the least appearance of an attempt to resence; but soon after the executioneer had done his duty, there was an attack made upon him, as usual on such occasions, by the boys and blackguards throwing stones and dirt in testimenty of their abhorrences of the hangman. But there was no attempt to break through the guard and cut down the prisoner. It was generally said that there was very little, if any, more violence than had usually happened on such occasions. Porteons, however, inflamed with wine and jealousy, thought proper to order his Guard to fire, their muskets being loaded with slegg; and when the soldiers showed reflectance, I saw him turn to them with threatening gesture and an inflamed countenance. They obeyed, and fired; but wishing to do as little harm as possible, many of them elevated their pieces, the effect of which was that some people were wounded in the windows; and one anfortunate lad, whom we had displaced, was killed in the stair-window by a slug entering his head. His mane was Henry Black, a journeyman tailor, whose bride was the daughter of the house they were in. She fainted away when he was brought into the house speechless, where he only lived till time or ten o'clock. We had seen many people, women and men, fall on the street, and at first thought it was only through fear, and by their crowding on one another to escape. But when the crowd dispersed, we saw them lying dead or wounded, and had no longer any doubt of what had happened. The numbers were said to be eight or n inc killed, and double the number wounded; but this was never exactly known.

This upprovoked slaughter trritated the common people to the last, and the state of grief and rage into which their minds were thrown was visible in the high commotion that appeared in the multitude. Our tutor was very anxious to have us all

but darst not venture out to see it is was placticated to go home. I offered to go: went; and soon returned, offering to conduct them safe to our lodgings, which were only half way down the Lawamarket, by what was called the Castle Wynd, which was just at hand, to the westward. There we remained safely, and were not allowed to stir out any more that night till about nane o'clock, when, the streets having long been quiet, we all grew anxious to learn the fate of Henry Black, and I was allowed to go back to the house. I took the younger Maxwell with me, and found that he had expired an hour before we arrived. A single slug hind penetrated the side of his head an inch above the ear. The sequel of this affair was, that Portcous was tried and condemned to be hanged; but by the intercession of some of the Judges themselves, who thought his case hard, he was reprieved by the Queen-Regent The Magnetrates, who on this occasion, as on the for mer, acted weakly, designed to have removed him to the Castle for greater security. But a plot was laid Castle for greater security. But a plot was laid and conducted by some persons unknown with the greatest secresy, policy and vigor, to prevent that de-ign, by forcing the prison the night hefe greatest secrety, poncy and vigor, to prevent that design, by forcing the prison the night before and executing the sentence upon him themselves, which to effect-mate cost them from eight at night till two in the morning; and yet this plot was managed so dexterously that they met with no interruption, though there were five companies of a marching regiment lying in the Canon-

This happened on the 7th of Soptember, 1736; and preposessed were the minds of every person that something extraordinary would take place that day that I, at Prestoupane, the niles from Edinburgh dreamed that I saw Captain Porteous hanged in the Grassmarket. I got up betwixt six and seven and drasmed that I saw Captain Porteons hanges in the Grassmarket. I got up betwixt six and seven and went to my father's servant, who was threshing in the barn which lay on the roadside leading to Aberhady and North Berwick, who said that several near on hors back had passed about five in the morning, whom having asked for news, they replied there was none, but that Captain Porteons had been dragged out of prison and hanged on a dyer's tree at two c clock that morning.

Some uneasiness was given to the Government by this bold and lawless act, and it was repreented as part of a plot against the Government itself. But not one of the murderers was ever discovered; and, twenty years afterward, two or three persons returned to Scotland who were supposed to be of the number.

The personal sketches he gives of some of his companious who have made great names in literature are exceedingly interesting. Here is

pleasant picture: It was also in one of those years that Smollett visited It was also in one of those years that Smollett visited Scotland for the first time, after having left Glasgow immediately after his education was finished, and his engaging as a surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war, which gave him an opportunity of witnessing the siege of Carthagens, which he has so minutely described in his Roderick Random. He same out to Masselburgh and passed a day and night with me, and went to church and heard me preach. I introduced him to Cardonnel the Commissioner, with whom he supped, and they were much pleased with each other. Smollett has reversed this in his Hamphrey Clinker, where he makes the Commissioner his old acquaintance. He went next to Glasgow and text neighborhood to visit his friends, and returned again to Edinburgh in October, when I had frequent meetings with him.—one in particular, in a tavern, where there supped with him articular, in a taveru, where there supped with him Commissioner Cardonnel, Mr. Hepburn of Keith, John Commissioner Cardonnel, Mr. Hepburn of Keith, John Home, and one or two more. Hepburn was so much pleased with Cardonnel, that he said that if he went into rebellion again, it should be for the grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. Cardonnel and I went with Smollett to Sir David Kinloch's, and possed the day, when John Home and Logan and I conducted him to Dunbar, where we stayed together all night.

Smollett was a man of very agreeable conversation Emollett was a man of very agreeable conversation and of much genuine humor; and, though not a profound scholar, possessed a philosophical mind, and was capable of making the soundest observations on human life, and of discerning the excellence or seeing the idicale of every character he met with. Fielding only excelled him in giving a dramatic story to his novels, but, in my opinion, was inferior to him in the true comic vein. He was one of the many very heavent men with whom it was my good fortune to novels, but, in my opinion, was inferior to him in the true comic vein. He was one of the many very pleasant men with whom it was my good fortune to be intimately acquainted. Mr. Cardomel, whom I have mentioned, was another who excelled, like Smellett, in a great variety of pleasant stories. Sir Hew Dairymple, North Berwick, had as much conversation and wit as any man of his time, having been long an M. P. David Hume and Dr. John Jardine were likewise both admirable, and had the peculiar talent of rallying their companions on their good qualities. Dr. William Wight and Thomas Hepburn were also remarkable—the one for brilliancy, vivacity, and smartness; the other for the shrewdness of his remarks remarkable—the one for brilliancy, vivacity, and smartness; the other for the shrewdness of his remarks and irredistible repartees. The Right Honorable

Charles Townsheed and Patrick Lord Elibank were likewize admirable; for though the first was inferior in knowledge to the second, yet he had such flowing eloquence, so fine a voice, and such richness of expressios, joined to brilliant wit and a fine vein of mimicry, as made him shine in every company. Elibank was more enlightened and more profound, and had a mind that embraced the greatest variety of topics, and produced the most original remarks. He was rather a humorist than a man of humor; but that bias of his tem er led him to defend paradoxes and uncommon opinions with a copionsness and ingenuity that was surprising. He had been a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and was at the siege of Carthagens, of which he left an elegant and Xenophon-like account (which I am afraid is lost). He was a Jacobite, and a member of the famous Cocoa-tree Club, and resigned his commission on rome disgust. Soon after the Rebellion of 1745 he tock up his residence in Scotland, and his seat being between Dr. Robertson's church and John Home's, he became intimately acquainted with them, who cured him of his centempt for the Presbyterian clergy, made him chan, e or soften down many of his original opiniors, and prepared him for becoming a most agreeable member of the Literary Society of Edinburgh, among whom he lived during the remainder of his life, admiring and admired. We used to say of Elibank, that were we to plead for our lives, he was the man with whom we would wish to converse for at least one whole day before we made our defense. Charles Townshend and Patrick Lord Elibank were whom we would wish to converse for at least one whole day before we made our defense.

Dr. M Cormick, who died Principal of St. Andrews,

whole day before we made our defense.

Dr. M Cormick, who died Principal of St. Andrews, was rather a merry-andrew than a wit; but he left as meny good sayings behind him, which were remembered, as any man of his time. Andrew Gray, minister of Abernethy, was a man of wit and humor, which had the greater effect that his person was diminutive, and his voice of the smallest treble.

Lindeay was a hussar in raillery, who had no mercy, and whose object was to display himself and to humble the man he played on. Monteath was more than his match, for he lay by, and took his opportunity of giving him such southboards as silenced him for the whole evening. Happily for conversation, this horseplay raillery has been left off for more than thirty years among the clergy and other liberals. Drummore—of the class of lawyers who got the epithet of Monk from Quin, at Bath, on account of his pleasing countensace and bland manners—was a first-rate at the science of defense in raillery: he was too good-natured to attack. He had the knack, not only of pleasing fools with themselves, but of making them tolerable to the company. There were two near, however, whose coming into a convivint company pleased more than anybody I ever knew; the one was Dr. George Kay, a minister of Edinburgh, who, to a charming vivacity when he was in good spirits, added the talent of ballad-singing better than anybody I ever knew; the other was John Home.

I should not omit Lord Cullen here, though he was

Home.
I should not omit Lord Cullen here, though he was

better than anybody I ever knew; the other was John Home.

I should not omit Lord Cullen here, though he was much my junior, who in his youth possessed the talent of mimicry beyond all mankind; for his was not merely an exact imitation of voice and manner of speaking, but a perfect exhibition of every man's manner of thinking on every subject. I shall mention two or three instances, lest his wonderful powers should full into oblivion.

When the Honorable James Stuart Wortley lived with Dr. Robertson, the Doctor had sometimes, though rarely, to remonstrate and admonish the young gentleman on some parts of his conduct. He came into the room between ten and eleven in the morning, when Mr. Stuart was still in bed, with the windows shut and the curtains drawn close, when he took the opportanity, in his mild and rational manner (for he could not chiele), to give him a lecture on the manner of life he was leading. When he was done, "This is rather too much, my dear Doctor," said James; "for you told me all this not above an hour ago." The case was, that Cullen I ad been before hand with the Doctor, and seizing the opportunity, read his friend such a lecture as he thought the Doctor might probably do that morning. It was so very like in thought and in words, that Stuart took it for a visitation from the Doctor.

I was witness to another exhibition similar to this. It was one day in the General Assembly 7785, when there happened to be a student of physic who was sized with a convolsion fit, which occasioned much commotion in the house, and drew a score of other English students around him. When the Assembly adjourned, about a dozen of us went to dine in the Poker club-room at Nichelson's, when Dr. Robertson came and told us he must dine with the Commissioner, but would ich us soon. Immediately after we dimed, somebody wished to hear from Cullen what Robertson would say about the incident that had taken place, which he cid immediately, lest the Principal should come in. He had harely finished when he arrived. After the c

Of David Hume we add an anecdote or two: Of David Hume we add an anecdote or two:

At this time David Hume was living in Edinburgh and composing his History of Great Britain. He was a man of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-antured man in the world. He was branded with the title of Atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his History—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only skeptical. Apropos of this, when Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an annt of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she sid to her son, "I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the Atheist here to disturb my peace." But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted she said to her son, "I must confe s you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all." This was the very Atheist, "said he, "mother, that you was so much airnid of." "Well, "says she, "you may bring him here as much a syou please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with." This was truly the case with him; for though he had much learning and fine taste, and was professedly a skeptie, though by no means an atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manners with the atmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irre-Atheist here to disturb my peace." man I ever knew. His conversation was truly in distible, for while it was callightened, it was naive

the atmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was traly irresistible, for while it was callightened, it was malve almost to pacifity.

I was one of those who never believed that David Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of viniglary. I was confirmed in this opinion, after his death, by what the Honorable Patrick Boyle, one of his most intimate friends, told me many years ago at my house in Musselburgh, where he used to come and dine the first Sanday of every General Assembly, after his brother, Lord Glasgow, ceased to be Lord High Commissioner. When we were talking of David, Mirs. Carlyle asked Mr. Boyle if he thought David Hume was as gent an unbeliever as the world took him to be! He answered, that the world judged from his books, as they had a right to do; but he thought otherwise, who had known him all his life, and mentioned the following incident: When David and he were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment,—for they lodged in the same house,—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christiana, was now completely happy m the realms of the just." To which David replied, "Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and nestaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine." To this my wife was a witness. This conversation took place the year after David died, when Dr. Hill, who was to preach, had gone to a room to look over his notes.

He was at

pherson, that I had met with nobody of his opiaion but William Caddel of Cockenzie, and Precident Dundas, which he took ill, and was some time of forgetting. This is one instance of what Smellie says of him, that though of the best temper in the world, yet he could be touched by opposition or rudeness. This was the only time I had ever observed David's temper change. I can call to mind an instance or two of his good-intered pleasantry. Being at Gilmerton, where David Hume was on a vieit, Sir David Kinloch made him go to Athlestaneford Church, where I proached for John Home. When we met before dinner, 'What did you mean,' says he to me, 'by treating John's congregation to-day with one of Cicero's academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian.' On Monday, when we were assembling to breakfast, David retired to the end of the dining-room, when Sir David entered: 'What are you doing there, Davy? come to your breakfast.' Take away the enemy first,' says David. The baronet, thinking it was the warm fire that kept David in the lower end of the room, rung the bell for a servant to carry some of it off. It was not the fire that scared David, but a large Bible that was left on a stand at the upper end of the room, a chapter of which had been read at the family prayers the night before, that good custom not being then out of use when clergy

men were in the house. Add to this John Home saying to him at the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away with £900—'I know that very well,' says John Home to David; 'for when he was taken, there was found in his pocket your Philosophical Works and Boston's Fourfold State of Man.'

The book abounds with pleasant sketches this sort of the most famous men of the time, and is not less interesting for the insight it gives us into of the character of the writer, and the manners of the age a century ago.

MISS BREMER'S LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD.

LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD; Or, Two Years IN SWITZER LAND AND ITALY. By FREDRING BREWER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. 12010. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

In these volumes, the simple-hearted Fredrika gives a record of the feelings awakened in a Swiss and Italian tour, with the same incredible confidence in her readers, and gentle satisfaction with herself, which characterized her narrative of travels in this country, several years ago. She is too much occupied with her own trames of mind to permit any special importance in her observation of affairs, and instead of terse and animated descriptions of the objects, which usually challenge the curiosity of tourists, she too often indulges in diffuse and vapid expressions of personal emotion. Still her book contains many interesting portions; she meets with some curious adventures, which she relates with vivacity; and in spite of the childlike naiveté of her remarks, they are often suggestive, and are occasionally seasoned with a spice of amusing humor. During her stay in Rome, Miss Bremer had an extraordinary interview with the Pope, an account of which we present in her own

I had now so often said, "I will ask tae Pope!"
that I myrelf became rather curious as to what his answer would be, and I resolved to make my joke earnest. I had slways regarded Pio Nono as an unusually liberal Cathelie, and his amiable appearance, as well as the liberal sympathies which he avowed at the time of his ascending the Pontifical throne, had won my heart. For these and other reasons, I was glid to have an opportunity of a nearer view of Pio Nono.

I preferred my request for an audience through our

have an opportunity of a nearer view of Pio Nono.

I preferred my request for an audience through our kind and ever-benevelent and polite Scandinavian Consul, Cavaliere Bravo; and two days afterward, early in the morning, I received a command to go that same day to the Vatican. The printed letter by which this was communicated, contained also directions as to how I was to be dressed—namely, in black silk, with seal

this was communicated, contained also directions as to how I was to be dressed—namely, in black silk, with a vail.

At four o'clock, accordingly, last Sunday afternoon, I was in the salcous of the Vatican, to which I was introduced by a young page in a scarlet silk dress. In one large room, ornamented by two large pictures, several ladies and some gentlemen were seated, waiting for their summons, they also having requested audiences. The Pope, on Sunday afternoons, gives audience, especially to ladies, who are allowed, however, to be accompanied by their husbands or sons. We waited about an hour. I contemplated the two large pictures, which occupied two whole walls of the apartments. They were paintings of a middling quality, representing the revelation of L'Immaculate Virgine to Fio Nono, and of his solemn announcement of this dogma in the Church of St. Peter's.

The persons waiting in the room were called in to the Pope in the order in which they had arrived. They went in by twos or threes at a time. I was summoned to enter alone, as I had come.

Before entering the Pope's room I had to wait yet a little in a well-lighted corridor, where two Cardinals politely took charge of me. The oldest, still young—a hanceone, fair, very tall gentleman, with quite a worldly appearance, under the esclesistic cloak and cap (Monsignore di Merode, talked about my writings, with which I am sure that he was only acquainted from a critical notice of them, which has lately appeared in a French paper, the Constitutionnel.

He supposed that I was "a Catholic?"

I replied in the negative.

"Ot! but you must become one. You must be converted; you must not stop half-way! A lady, such as you"—and so on.

He was interrupted by the summons to the Pope. I

you' — and so on.

He was interrupted by the summons to the Pope. I entered, attended by Monsignore di Merode, who knelt at the door, and then left me alone with "His Holi-

Is w at the further end of an oblong, light, and Is went the further end of an oblong, light, and very simply furnished room, a man of stout but handsome figure, standing at a writing-table, dressed in a ong white garment, with scarlet lapels and cap. I made one low courtesy at the door, another in the niddle of the room in obedience to the Pope's sign to me to advance, and yet a third as I approached him and took my stand on the same little carpet with him, which I did in accordance with his friendly indication of his will (For such persons as do not kneel to the Pope, are required by the ceremonial to make three courtesies or tows.)

The portraits of the Pope are in general like him, but his full, short, and broad countenance has, when

but his full, short, and broad counterance has, when reen more nearly, less expression of kindness, and con-siderable more of self-will and temper than the rec-The plance of the blue eye is h but not profound, and is deficient in earnestness. The complexion and physique generally indicate the best of health, a good appetite—and a good cook.

The Pope cast his eye on a written paper which he held in his hand, and having inquired about my country and place of residence, added, "You have written conservant."

one what?

Myself.—Yes, your Holiness; novels of demestic life

-noise properly descriptions of life, but in the form of

veis. The Pope—But you are a Catholic? Myrelf—No, your Hohness—not a Roman Cath

The Pope-Then you must become one. There is no completeness or consequence out of the Catholic Church. Myself-Permit me, your Holiness, to ask a ques

The Pope-Yes, ask it. The Pope—Yee, ask it.

Myseif—I love, with my whole heart our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. I believe in His divinity; in his redeeming efficacy for me and the whole world; I will alone obey and serve Him. Will your Holmess not acknowledge me as a Christian?

The Pope—For a Christian? Most certainly.

But—Myseif—And as a member of the Church of Christ !

Myself—And as a meaning that the Pope—Ye—s, in a certain sense; but—but then people must acknowledge as true everything which this Church says and enjoins. You ought not in the meantime to believe that the Pope sends to Hell all who de not acknowledge the infullibility of the Catholic Church. No, I believe that many persons of the create may be saved, by living according to the most other creeds may be saved, by living according to the truth which they acknowledge. I believe so, most

Myself—It delights me infinitely, to hear this from your Holiness. Because I have cherished the hope of finding in your Holiness a more rightcone indge, as regards these questions, than in many other Catholics, who say, "You are not a Christian; you cannot be saved, if you do not, in all respects, believe as we and

who say, "You are not a Christian: you cannot be saved, if you do not, in all respects, believe as we and our Church do."

The Pope—In this they are wrong. But you see, my daughter, people should be able to give an account of their Christian belief; not believe alone in generals, but believe in the separate parts of a doctrine. It is already something to believe in the second person of the Godhend, and in His incarnation; but it is necessary also to believe in the institution which He founded on earth, otherwise there can be in reality no faith in Him. And people must believe in the Pope. The Pope is Christ's representative on earth. In Sweden, the people do not believe on Christ and his Church; the extremest intolerance exists toward those who think differently to themselves. The King there has twice endeavored to introduce religious freedom, but they would not have it.

Myse'J—I know it, your Holiness; but Sweden in former times has suffered from Catholics in the country, and old laws still remain unrepealed in consequence. But it will not be long—ss, I hope. My countrymen will learn to have confidence in the power of truth and of Christianity.

will learn to have connected in the power of Christianity.

The Pope—Your reigning queen is Catholic.

Myrelf—Yes, your Holmess, and the noblest o women; an example to her sex, an ornament to the

throne.

The Pope—All Christian princes and people ought to The Pope—All Christian princes and people ought it believe on the Pope and obey him. Their not doing o nrises from pure pride and a worldly mind. Hence state churches have arisen. The Emperor of Russis will not acknowledge the Pope, because he wisnes to be Pope himself. Queen Victoria will not acknowledge the Pope, because she herself will be Popess, and of it is in every country where there is a State. edge the Pope, because she herself will be Popess, and so it is in every country where there is a State church. Belief in the Pope, as the head of the Christian church, is the only rational and consequent thing, it is that alone which leads to unity and clearness. The church is an organization; a representative monarchy with its supreme head; a spiritual State. If in a State, people will not obey the supreme head, then there can be neither clearness nor order; everything becomes confusion.

Myself-We believe in Jesus Christ, and acknowl-

Myself—We believe in Jesus Christ, and acknowlHim alone as the head of the Christian Church.

The Pope—But Jesus Christ is in Heaven, and
must have a representative on earth; and this He appointed, in the first instance, in the person of the
Apostle Peter, by the words—you understand Latin?

Myself—Poccissimo, your Holiness. I have begun to
learn it lately.

The Pope—Very good; then you will understand
the words, "Ta es Petrus, et super hane petrum
adificabo ecclesium meam, et parta inferni pravalahunt adversus com. Et tibi dabo claves calorum."
This dignity and this power descended from Peter to
every Pope who has succeeded him, from the very
earliest period of the church, down to the unworthy
individual who now stands before you. This is the
belief and the doctrine of the church.

Myself—We in our church explain these words of
our Saviour differently. We consider that by Peter,
He intended the Rock-man, and that the acknowledgnent that Peter made, "Thou art Christ, the son of
the living God!" was the rock upon which Christ
would build His church, against which the gates of
Hell should not prevail. We believe that Christ left
the keys to all of His apostles, as well as to Petor,
with power to bind and release, and that every earnest
Christian, whether is be the Pope in Rome, or a poor
fisherman on our own coasts, has part in this church of
the Rock and in its privileges.

The Pope.—But you have not either confession nor
absolution; you do not believe in the mass, nor in the
seven sacraments, nor upon those things or ordinances
which the church of Christ appoints. He who believes
the one must believe in all. There is but one God in
heaven, and but one church on earth, in which he lives,
by his representative, and by regulations which he
has appointed. This you must understand, and, in
order to become a perfect Christian, not do it by halves
—make an open confession thereof.

Myself—Loving the Lord Christ, and living according to live the compandents are according to our belief.

by his representative, and by regularizand, and, in order to become a perfect Christian, not do it by halves—make an open confession thereof.

Myself—Loving the Lord Christ, and living according to his commandments, are, according to our belief, the essentials of the Christian!

The Pope—Very good. I will tell you something. Pray!—pray for light from the Lord—for grace to acknowledge the truth—because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parado of their knowledge—of their acute ness—and, after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of the truth and of grace. Pray every day, every night before you go to rest, and I hope that grace and light may be given to you; for God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity!

This pure, priestly, and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed that it went to my heart, and humbly, and with my heart, I kissed the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree, for he was to me, really, at this moment, the representative of the Teacher, who, in life and doctrine, preached humility, not before men, but before God, and taught mankind to pray to him. The Pope's words were entirely true and evangelical. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than with myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me, not with papal arrogance, but as a true Gospel teacher. I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come.

The Pope conversed with me in French, with facility and accuracy. His manner of speaking is lively and natural, as one who allows himself to converse without restraint.

We have seldom seen a book printed with such

We have seldom seen a book printed with such

curious typographical slovenliness, especially in the spelling of proper names, showing a degree of ignorance or inattention in the proof reader, which may well be called wonderful. Thus, among the blunders which swarm throughout the volumes, we have Celini for Cellini; Mucker for Müller: Arenaburg for Arenenberg: Gaussin for Gaussen; Malian for Malan; Bounet for Bonnet; Adolphi Monad for Adolphe Monod; Hofsryl for Hofwyl; with others equally gross, but too numerous for mention.

MISS TERRY'S POEMS. POEMS BY ROSE TERRY. 12mo. pp. 231. Ticknor & Few of our readers, probably, need an intro-

duction to the graceful poetess from whose productions a selection is presented in this striking volume. A considerable portion of its contents appeared for the first time, within several years past, in our own columns, where they have attracted the attention of the lovers of poetry by their beauty and originality of conception, their exquisite delicacy of feeling, their refined and tender expression, and the genial skill with which they presented natural pictures in sweet and touching rhythm. In some instances, we think, Miss Terry has failed to exhibit her thought in sufficiently clear and harmonious proportions; a vail of soft mist, to a certain degree, is permitted to cloud, and perhaps to magnify, its significance; but she never writes without a distinct nate to her intellect; her tone of mind is never trivial or commonplace; poetry with her is evidently a noble art and a serious pursuit, rather than an amusement, or an adjunct to ambition or vanity; and her compositions therefore possess a depth of character, as well as an exterior beauty, which indicates both natural endowments and personal experience of a rare and peculiar order. In presenting one or two specimens of the quality of this volume, we are very likely to pitch upon those with which our readers are already familiar, but they will not object to a repetition of the pleasure which attended their original perusal.

The following lines illustrate the power of deli cate blending of light and shade, and gently insinunting a lesson of ethics, in which Miss Terry has not many superiors among female poets:

A STORY.

In a gleam of sunshine a gentian stood,
Dreaming her life away,
While the leaves danced merrily through the
And rode on the wind for play. She stood in the light and looked at the sky,

Till her leaves were as fair a blue; But she shut her heart from the butterfly And the coaxing drops of dew. Dreaming and sunning that Autumn noon, She stayed the idlest bee That ever lingered to hear the tune Of the wind in a rustling tree.

He had a golden entrass on.
And a surcost black as night,
And he wandered ever from shade to sun,
Seeking his own delight.

Now were the blossoms of Summer fled, And the bumble-bee felt the frost; He knew that the asters all lay dead, And the honey-vine cups were lost.

So he poised and fluttered above the flower,

And tried his tenderest arts, With whispers and kisses, a weary hour, Till he opened its heart of hearts. Not for love of the gentian blue, But for his own wild will; All he wanted was honey-dew, And there he drank his fill.

No more dreaming in sun or shade! It never could close again!
The gentian withered, alone, dismayed;
The bee flew over the plain.

The tranquil pathos of the subjoined piece finds an appropriate expression in the sweet and placid flow of the versification:

THE TWO VILLAGES, THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light.
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that cutl on the river shore;
And in the read no grasses grow,
For the whoels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the MII
Never is seemed of smithy or mill; [flowers, The hous a are thatched with grass and Never a clock to toll the hours; The marble doors are always shus, You cannot enter in hall or hut. All the villagers lie askep; Never a grain to sow or reap; Never in dreams to monn or sigh; Silent and did and low they lie. In that village under the bill, When the night is starry and still, Many a weary soul in prayer Looks to the other village there, Loota to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall;
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!

A touch of human experience is embodied be meditative fancy in the following impressive lines.

EN ESPAGNE.

I built a Palace, white and high,
With sweeping purple tapestried;
No duely highway ran thereby,
But guarded alleys to it led;
And shaven lawns about were spread,
Where bird and moth danced daintily. So gracious were its portals wide, So light and fair the turrets stool, No flaw mine eager eye espied, I fashioned it, and called it good; And lavished on its solitude All garnishings of pomp and pride. That was in golden Summer-time;-

The Winter-wind is howing now,
My Palace has passed out of time,—
The sward is only sheeted enow,
Its hangings with the dead leaves blow:
There comes an end to mortal prime. And I, who laid it stone by stone, Stone after stone do take it down. What if a king, whose state had flown, Should pull apart his regal crown? For kingly hearts no fate can frown, They rule forever o'er their own.

In a different vein is the following arch effe sion, betraying a subtle humor, which sometimes interlaces the graver imaginations of the poeters; ONCE BEFORE.

Sole she sat beside her window, Hearing only rain-drops pour, Looking only at the shore, When, outside the little casement, Weeping in a reigned abasement, Love stood knocking— Knocking at her bolted door. Slow she swung the little casement

Where the Autumn roses glowed, Sweet and sad her deep eyes stowed. And her voice, in gentlest measure, Said alond—"Nor Love, nor Pleasure Can come in here any more-Never, any more!" But I am not Love nor Pleasure-I am but an orphan baby;
Lost, my mother is, or maybe
Dead she lies, while I am weeping."
Sobbed the child, his soft he creeping
Softly through the bolted door—
Through the maiden's door.

Low she said, in accents lonely:
"Once I let him in before,
Once I opened wide my door.
Ever since my life is dreary, Ever since my life is dreary,
All my prayers are vague and weary;
Once I let him in before,
Now I'll double-lock the door!"

In the rain he stands imploring;
Tears and kisses storm the door,
Where si e let him in before.
Will she never know repenting?
Will she ever, late releuting,
Let him in, as once before?
Will she double-lock the door?

The volume closes with several translations mostly from modern poets, which evince an unusual mastery of expression, but possess no special interest except as studies in poetical construction. We prefer the productions of the authoress herself, which never fail to impress the reader with her fertility of resource, her true communion with the heart of nature, and the pure and gracious sentiment which gives inspiration to her verse.

COINS MEDALS, AND SEALS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Edited by W. C. PRIME. Svo. pp. 292. Harper & Brethers.
The nutbor of this volume, who is well known to

he literary public, as an enterprising and intelligent riental traveler, and a fresh and genial essayist, bas ere presented the fruits of his researches in a differnt field of labor, applying the results of his numismatic studies to the popular elucidation of a branch of earning which is rapidly advancing in interst and importance in our own country. Inspired y a true antiquarian enthusiasm, he has become liar with the leading series of me challenge the curiosity of the student, and a the same time has mastered the current sources of information which are usually found in bulky and expensive works. The publication of this volume, accordingly, takes place at a seasonable moment, and will be found a pleasing and valuable guide to the novice in numismatic research. It contains a condensed, but ample mass of instruction on the origin of coins, the progress of the art among ancient nations, coin in America, coinage of Continental Europe, and other kindred topics. The illustrations of the volume, which are essential to the intelligent comprehension of the subject, are no less remarkable for the distinctness and beauty of their execution, than for their profuse variety. Mr. Prime bandles his theme with great plainness and sim-plicity, and it will not be his fault if his volume is not welcomed by the votaries of numismatics, as an admirable introduction and guide to their favorite pur-

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE MOVEMENT-CURK.
By CHARLES FAVETTE TATION, M.D. 12me, p. p. 255.
Lindsay & Bischiston.
The therapeutic system explained and enforced

in this volume has been introduced in this country by the author, and as we understand, with a very considerable degree of success, especially in the case of chronic infirmities of long standing. Its founder was a Swedish physiologist named Ling, who while suffering from an attack of gout in the elbow, conceived the idea of curing the complaint by exercise, and with this object, applied himself to the art of fencing. He most with such success in this experiment as led him to believe that other disorders also might be remedied by snitable combinations of movements, with a view to inducing the proper physiological action in the part exereised. The theory of the movement-cure, with directions for its application, is fully explained by Dr. Taylor in the present volume, which cannot fail to attract attention from the believers in the improvement of medical practice.

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. Compiled by

One of the compilers of the "Hymne of the Ages" has here collected in an attractive volume a variety of poems adapted to the juvenile mind, and tending to quicken the imagination, develop the moral feelings, and inspire the leve of beauty and goodness. With the scanty materials at her command, she has met with re-markable success, and her volume may be cordially commended as a pleasant and improving addition to the resources of the domestic circle.

SARGENT'S ORIGINAL DIALOGUES. By Kygs SAMUENE

12mo, pp. 336. John L. Shorey.

Mr. Sargent has increased the obligations under
which he has already laid the teachers of American common schools, by preparing this original collection of dramatic pieces for reading and representation by the more advanced classes of pupils. The dialogue are spirited in their tone, of a great variety in their topics and movement, and expressed in a familiar ast effective colloquial diction. The volume well supplies, a place which has been long vacant in educations

HYMNS OF THE AGES, Second Series. 12410, pp. 18. The admirable selections of religious poetry catained in this volume comprise many of the choice